FIRST COMICS

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DYNAMO JOE™

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WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?

It is a new age, more than a thousand years hence, yet human nature has changed little. The forces and conditions that have bred wars in the centuries gone by now breed a different kind of war, a new breed of warrior. One of these new warriors is the robosoldier **Dynamo Joe**. This is his story.

Only three civilizations exist in our spiral of the galaxy, the greatest being the **Terran Confederation**, centered on Earth. The galaxy is shared with the cat-like **Tavitans**, and a benign master race, the **Imperium**.

The two man crew of **Dynamo Joe** consists of:

1) **Sergeant Elanian Daro**: citizen of the Imperium.

2) **Private Pomru**: a young Tavitan out to see the Universe. Like all Tavitans, Pomru has an uncanny, inexplicable instinct for danger.

Ten years before the start of this story, the planets at the Galactic rim fell under attack by a bizarre extra-galactic enemy called the **Mellenares** — millions of microscopic organ - isms linked together to form a single group consciousness, and possessing the ability to read minds. The foe moves at sub-light speeds, in an obsessive straight-line, devour - ing planets in its path.

LAST ISSUE: Having successfully trapped and frozen a large Mellenares war machine for scientific study, the Alliance discovers that the machines are actually made up of millions of individual Mellenares, their "weapons" and "engines" fueled by a mysterious form of broadcast power emanating from the central core. Now they are about to find out where the core gets the massive amounts of energy necessary to generate such power...

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THE PLANET NEW BROOKLYN, LOCATED A HALF LIGHT YEAR AWAY FROM THE ORION CORRIDOR.

SO, CHUCK, IZZARE ANYTING INNERESTIN' INNA NEWZ?

WELL, DA WAR STILL AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE.

DA *WAR!* WATTA BUNCHA CRAP! WHO'DA DEY TINK DERE KIDDIN', eh?

SEZ HERE DAT DA *KIRCHNER BELT* IS FINALLY DONE, BUT DERE AIN'T BEEN ANY ENEMY ACTIVITY IN WEEKS.

FIGGERS! I KNEW DA IDEA A' FIGHTIN' A WAR WIT' A BUNCHA GOIMS WAS TOO STUPID TA LAST. JUST OITH TRYIN' TA...

Mmm--SONG OF BELOIT IS DUE ANYTIME INNA NEXT TWO DAYS. I GUESS DEY'S OILY F'ONCE.

BEEP!

HEY, WE DUE FERRA SHIP T'DAY?

BEEP!

ding ding

BEEP!

ding ding

WELL, WE GOTS *SOME* TING...

CRIMINETLIES! HIS FLUX GENERATA'S GOTTA BE HYDRO-PLANIN'! VITO, GET OUR *RAD SHIELDS* UP! I'LL CALL CONTROL! WE GOTTA BURNA' COMIN' IN!

LADY A'SPACE!! LOOKIT DESE READINS!!

DYNAMO JOE

CHUCK!! LOOKIT DA SCOPE! DAT AIN'T NO FREIGHTA'!

I TINK WE JUST JOINED DA WAR.

ONE OF OUR PLANETS IS MISSING!

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MEANWHILE, ON THE STAR-HAMMER, FLAGSHIP OF THE ALLIANCE'S IMPERIUM CONTINGENT...

NOTHING! NOTHING TO DO FOR WEEKS! WHAT ARE THE MELLENARES DOING?! SURVEYING THE DEFENSIVE BELT IS NO JOB FOR WARRIORS, MUCH LESS A PRINCE OF THE REALM! TELL ME YOU'RE BRINGING ME GOOD NEWS, ALEXANDRA, MY PET.

READ FOR YOUR-SELF, PRINCE SHAETON.

"THIS IS TO NOTIFY...mmm, mm..." ELANIAN DARO?! A PROMOTION!

SHIMAMURA IS GIVING YOUR BROTHER A PROMOTION FOR SAVING SIGMA BASE.* I DO NOT CONSIDER THIS GOOD NEWS.

MOTHER WILL BE PLEASED.

BLEEP!

WITH YOUR PERMISSION MY PRINCE.

YES, GET IT.

*ISSUE #7--R.A.O.

MY FATHER, THE KHAN, WILL NOT BE PLEASED. I HAVE BEEN SPECIFICALLY ORDERED TO MAKE DARO'S LIFE DIFFICULT. WELL, SINCE HE HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO SHIMAMURA, THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO NOW BUT...

SIRE! THE MELLENARES ARE ATTACKING AN INHABITED PLANET NEAR OUR SECTOR--LESS THAN A LIGHT-YEAR AWAY!

ACTION AT LAST!

TELL THEM WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

I WANT THE FLEET BATTLE READY AT ONCE! PREPARE FOR HYPERSPACE AND PUT ME THROUGH TO SHIMAMURA--NOW!

PRINCE SHAETON, I *KNOW* YOUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN CRAVING ACTION, BUT FOR YOU TO JUST HEAD OUT TO NEW BROOKLYN *BLINDLY*--

BUT THOSE PEOPLE NEED US, AND WE'RE READY NOW!

MY PRINCE--THIS IS SOMETHING THAT HAS *NEVER* HAPPENED BEFORE --*THE MELLENARES HAVE LEFT THE CORRIDOR!* YOU MAY ARRIVE TO FACE THE ENTIRETY OF THE ENEMY'S FORCES.

THERE ARE SEVERAL *BATTLESUIT TRANSPORTS* IN YOUR AREA. WE HAVE ORDERED THEM TO *RENDEZVOUS* WITH YOUR FLEET.

BUT IF YOU COULD ONLY *WAIT* UNTIL WE CAN BRING UP THE MAIN ALLIANCE FLEET...

ALWAYS I MUST HEAR THE DECISIONS OF THE ALLIANCE! *NO!* THIS TIME THEY MUST CATCH UP TO *ME!* WE'LL AWAIT THE TRANSPORTS AND THEN LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.

A BATTLE? WE CAN'T, COMMANDER --DYNAMO JOE IS SPECTRE SQUADRON'S LEADER, AND WITH THE SARGE STILL ON FURLOUGH, I I CAN'T RUN THE SUIT BY MYSELF!

A PARTNER YOU HAVE, POMRU. PREPARE SPECTRE SQUADRON FOR ACTION.

HOLD THE PHONEBOOTH! YOU?!

I CAN USE THE PRACTICE.

DURING A BATTLE YOU WANT TO PRACTICE?!

KEEPS YOU ON YOUR TOES, DOES IT NOT?

HAVE YOU EVER ACTUALLY RUN A ROBO-SUIT BEFORE?

I'M AN ACE IN AN A.P.S.

THAT'S A 'NO,' ISN'T IT?

HAVE THE SQUAD READY WHEN I RETURN, PRIVATE.

THAT'S A 'NO!'

I DO NOT LIKE THIS--NOT AT ALL! AFTER NO ENEMY ACTIVITY FOR WEEKS, WE SUDDENLY SEE A HAT POKED UP ON A STICK, AND WE SEND HALF THE FLEET THUNDERING OFF AFTER IT!

SHAETON IS YOUNG, BUT SHIMAMURA SHOULD KNOW BETTER--THIS COULD BE ANYTHING, AND OUR FLEET WON'T EVEN ARRIVE UNTIL THE IMPERIUM CONTINGENT HAS BEEN THERE OVER AN HOUR...ALONE!

SPECTRE SQUADRON

CLOVER SQUADRON

WOLF-1

FREISCHUTZ SQUADRON

LEET SQUADRON

SQUADRON LEADERS, THIS IS THE PLANET NEW BROOKLYN. AT 0743 WE RECEIVED A *DISTRESS SIGNAL* STATING THAT THEY WERE UNDER MELLENARES ATTACK. THE PLANET'S POPULATION IS ABOUT 600,000, WITH ONLY *MINIMAL* PLANETARY *DEFENSES.*

"COLONEL VAUTRAVERS, I'VE HEARD MUCH OF WOLF-1's ABILITIES. WHEN WE ARRIVE, I'D LIKE YOU ON *POINT.*"

NO PROBLEM, YER PRINCE-SHIP!

SO WHAT IS OUR *PLAN* ON ARRIVAL, SIR?

OBVIOUSLY, WE *ATTACK!*

YES-- WE ARRIVE IN *TWO* WAVES, SEVERAL MINUTES APART. THE FIRST WAVE CAN TEST THE ENEMY'S STRENGTH BEFORE WE COMMIT OUR ENTIRE FORCE.

COMMANDER *TANAMARA* IS CORRECT. WE WILL BE COMING OUT IN POLAR ORBIT...

IN BALL FORMATION. I TRUST.

DO YOU HAVE ANY *OTHER* SUGGESTIONS?

CONSIDER IT DONE. IF YOU HAVE ANY OTHER *TRICKS*, COMMANDER...

ALWAYS-- BUT THEY'RE BEST DEMONSTRATED IN *PRIVATE*. SEE YOU AFTER THE BATTLE, YOUR HIGHNESS.

SQUAD ONE, PREPARE FOR RE-ENTRY INTO 'STEIN SPACE.

SCANNING TEAMS, I WANT TO...

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

LIEUTENANT CLAUDIO! SNAP OUT OF IT! GIVE ME *READINGS* ON THAT THING!

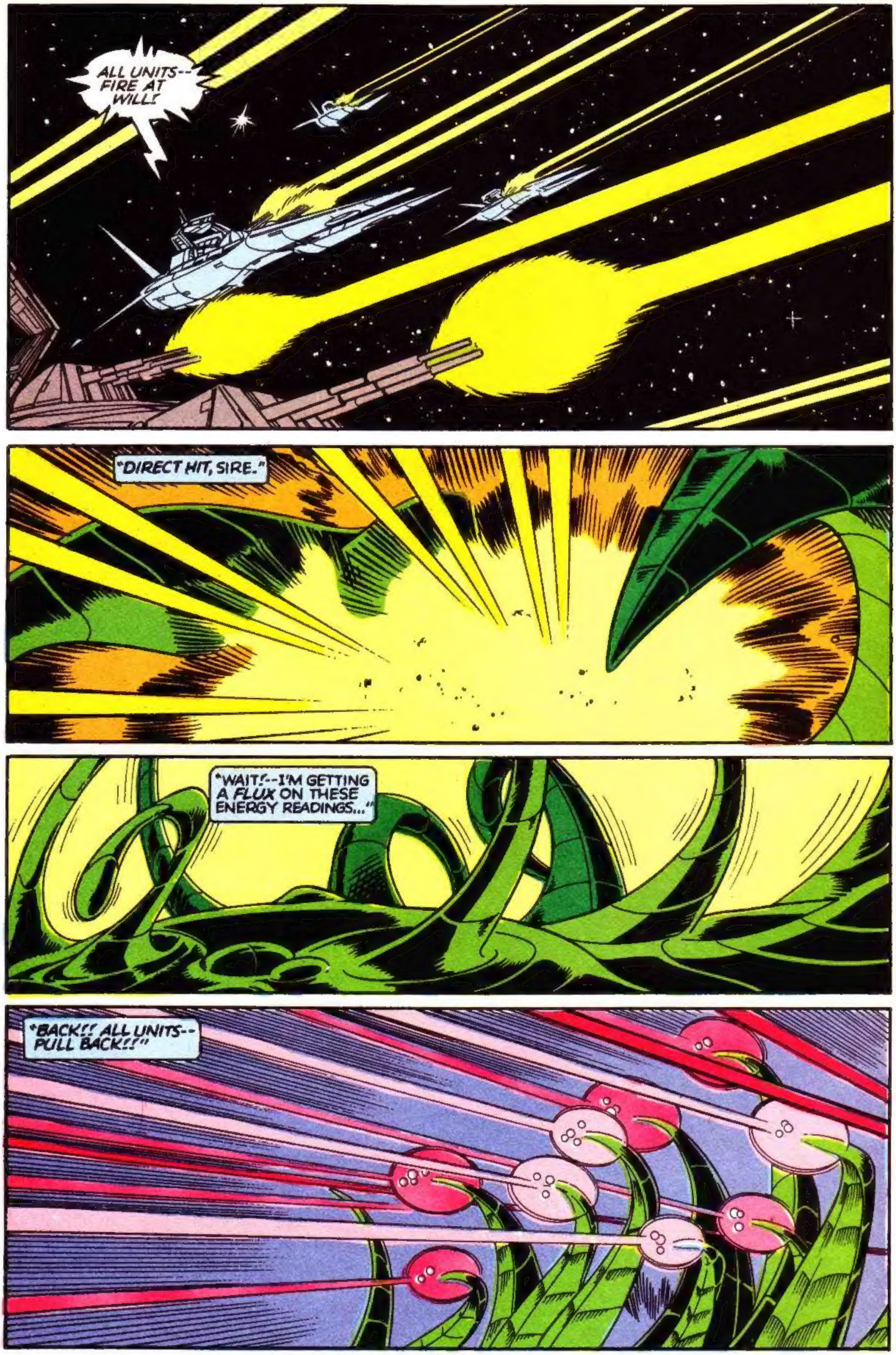
YES, MY PRINCE!

"IT'S A MELLENARES MACHINE, BUT IT'S... OVER 200 KILO-*METERS* IN DIAMETER! IT SEEMS TO BE *BREAKING UP* THE PLANET... AND *EATING* IT!"

"*EATING* IT?!"

"YES, MY PRINCE. IT'S PUTTING OUT AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF *POWER*, BUT IT'S ENERGY LEVELS ARE CONSTANTLY GOING *UP*! WE'RE SEEING A *MATTER-TO-ENERGY* PROCESS THAT PHYSICISTS HAVE ONLY *DREAMED* OF!

"KAABA PROTECT US--WE *KNEW* THEY DESTROYED PLANETS--THAT WAS WHAT ALERTED THE ALLIANCE THAT THEY HAD ENTERED OUR GALAXY IN THE FIRST PLACE TEN YEARS AGO. BUT WE'D NEVER KNOWN *WHY* THEY DID IT BEFORE. WHAT DO THEY NEED ALL OF THIS ENERGY FOR *NOW*?"


ALL UNITS--
FIRE AT
WILL!
"DIRECT HIT, SIRE."
"WAIT!--I'M GETTING
A FLUX ON THESE
ENERGY READINGS..."
"BACK!! ALL UNITS--
PULL BACK!!"

WARN THE SECOND UNIT AS SOON AS THEY DROP INTO 'STEIN SPACE--I WANT THE PLANET *BETWEEN* US AND THAT THING!

"SIRE--THE PLANET'S GRAVITATIONAL READINGS ARE BEGINNING TO FLUCTUATE. THE OUTER *MANTLE* IS BEGINNING TO *RUPTURE*. THE *BIOSHPHERE* IS RAPIDLY *DETERIORATING*. BY THE KHAN! THE SOUTHERN *OCEAN* IS BEGINNING TO *BOIL!*"

IT'S *TOO BIG*--WE CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO DAMAGE IT!

MY PRINCE--I'M RECEIVING SIGNALS FROM THE PLANET.

TURN IT OFF!!

SIRE?!

WE CAN'T SAVE THEM. WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING. THEY ARE *DOOMED*.

TANK GAWD YOUSE FOLKS IS HEAH! DERE'S LESS DEN A HUNNERT OF US LEFT. WE CAN...

SIRE, WE'RE GETTING A CALL FROM COMMANDER TANAMARA.

THE PLANET *CANNOT* BE SAVED--SO WE MUST DENY ITS USE TO THE ENEMY AS WELL! OUR TRANSPORTS ARE STILL CARRYING *SUPER-ATOMICS* FROM WHEN WE WERE WORKING ON THE KIRCHNER BELT.

WE MUST USE THE DYNAMO SUITS TO DEPLOY THEM--AND THEN *DESTROY* THE PLANET.

I CANNOT ORDER THAT! THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE *ALIVE* ON NEW BROOKLYN!

PAH! THEY ARE ALREADY DEAD! THIS AT LEAST GIVES THEM A CHANCE TO MAKE THEIR DEATHS HURT THE ENEMY!

WAIT! WHY CAN'T WE JUST DROP THE ATOMICS ON THE MELLENARES?

WE MUST GIVE THOSE PEOPLE EVERY CHANCE WE CAN! PREPARE THE SUPER-ATOMICS. OUR TARGET IS THE MELLENARES MACHINE ITSELF!

SPECTRE SQUADRON--SPLIT UP. YOU KNOW YOUR POSITIONS.

BOMB CONTROL, THIS IS DYNAMO JOE. WE ARE IN POSITION TO RECEIVE ARMED DEVICE.

WE READ YOU, D.J. ARMING SEQUENCE ACTIVATED. GOOD LUCK.

SPECTRE SQUADRON--FOLLOW MY SIGNAL IN. WOLF-1, ARE YOU IN POSITION?

RIGHT HERE, COMMANDER. I'VE BEEN WAITIN' TO TAKE A CRACK AT THIS CRITTER ALL DAY! LET'S DO IT, WOLF!

DEATH!

"GOT 'EM!"

"DAMN--LOOK AT THAT! THIS SUCKER'S A MITE TOUGHER THAN I..."

RRAAWWWG!!

WOLF-1! VAUTRAVERS--ARE YOU ALRIGHT? WE HAVE TO GET MOVING...

NO!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN--"NO?"

UH--I MEAN THAT THING MANAGED TO DAMAGE WOLF-1. I CAN'T GO IN.

YOU'VE GOTTA GO IN--WE NEED YOU TO RUN INTERFERENCE, OR WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

I CANNOT RISK DAMAGE TO WOLF-1.

SAVE YOUR BREATH, PRIVATE. SINCE THE COLONEL IS NO LONGER *INVINCIBLE*, HE NO LONGER WISHES TO PLAY.

WITHOUT THE **SUIT**, THE **MAN** IS NOTHING. IT IS EASY TO BE BRAVE WHEN ONE CANNOT BE HURT. COME, PRIVATE-- WE HAVE A **JOB** TO DO.

BUT...

WHY, COLONEL, HOW NICE OF YOU TO JOIN US.

I'M JUST **WARNIN'** YOU, LITTLE LADY--IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO WOLF-1...THEN YOU GOTTA TALK TO THE FINANCE COMPANY.

APPROACHING DROP POINT.

BOMBS AWAY! ACTIVATING PROXIMITY FUSE!

NOW MOVE OUT!!

RAD SHIELDS UP! BRACE FOR SHOCKWAVE!

SIRE! WE DID IT!! THE MELLENARES ARE DESTROYED! WE WON!

WE WON *NOTHING*. CHECK YOUR BOARDS. THE EXPLOSION MELTED WHAT LITTLE REMAINED OF THE PLANET'S CRUST. ANYTHING THAT COULD'VE SURVIVED *THAT*, WOULD'VE LIVED JUST LONG ENOUGH TO DIE BY *ASPHYXIATION* WHEN THE *ATMOSPHERE* WAS BLOWN AWAY. TELL THE INHABITANTS OF NEW BROOKLYN WHAT WE'VE WON.

ALL SHIPS PREPARE FOR WARP. WE WILL RENDEZVOUS WITH SHIMAMURA EN ROUTE.

LATER, ABOARD SHIMAMURA'S FLAGSHIP...

WE TRIED OUR *BEST*, AND IT WAS *NOTHING!*

YOU DID MANAGE TO DESTROY IT, *THWARTING* THE ENEMY'S ULTIMATE PURPOSE.

BUT 600,000 ARE *DEAD* AND AN ENTIRE *PLANET* HAS BEEN LOST! IF ONLY I'D HAD MORE SHIPS THAN THESE PITIFUL *FEW* MY FATHER HAS *DEIGNED* TO GIVE US...*DAMN* HIM!

YOU NOW FEEL AS *WE* HAVE FELT FOR TEN YEARS, YOUR HIGHNESS.

MY FATHER *MUST* BE CONVINCED TO TRULY COMMIT THE IMPERIUM TO THIS WAR. THE MEL-LENARES ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN WE HAD IMAGINED.

WELCOME TO THE WAR, PRINCE SHAETON.

IF MY FATHER CANNOT BE *CONVINCED*, THEN PERHAPS MY TIME-TABLE FOR HAVING HIM *REPLACED* SHOULD BE MOVED UP.

I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOUR MAJESTY.

WHAT? Oh--CAPTAIN TANAMARA. I'M SORRY, BUT I'M IN NO MOOD FOR A DALIANCE RIGHT NOW.

DO YOU STILL *GRIEVE* FOR THOSE TERRAN DIRT GRUBBERS OF NEW BROOKLYN? THEY WERE *NOTHING!*

NOTHING?! I KNOW OF THE *SLAVERS'* DISREGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE--BUT I'D NEVER *DREAMED* THAT ANYONE COULD BE UNAFFECTED BY WHAT WE SAW TODAY!

BUT WE ARE WARRIORS --WE *LIVE* WITH DEATH!

I FIGHT DEATH--YOU HAVE *EMBRACED* IT!

BUT OF COURSE. DEATH IS A LOVER WE *ALL* GO TO EVENTUALLY.

THEN GO TO HIM NOW--FOR HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO WILL *HAVE* YOU!

NEXT MONTH!

THE CORE!

WELL, MISTRESS--HERE'S THE *CARGOPORT*. I'LL JUST DROP YOU OFF AND BE ON MY WAY, OKAY?

YOU KNOW WHAT I *LOOK* LIKE, AND YOU KNOW THAT I *SABOTAGED* THE KHAN'S PALACE, AND YOU KNOW WHICH *SHIP* I'M LEAVING ON--SO YOU *MUST* KNOW I'VE GOT TO *KILL* YOU.

WAIT! I KNOW SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW! I'M THE *NAVIGATOR* ON THE *STAR OF MILWAUKEE!*

THEN THIS *IS* YOUR LUCKY DAY!

YOU'VE *GOT* TO BE KIDDING!

CARGONAUTS™

GOHEE

GOHEE

BRUTE FORCE

CO PLOTTERS
PENCILS: GUINAN

INKS: GRAINGER
LETTERS: *BUHALIS*
COLORS: *TAYLOR*
RED TAPE: *OLIVER*

"Speak softly and carry a big stick."
--Paul Bunyan

JAZZ! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT BACK--WHAT DID YOU DO?

I MIGHT'VE KNOWN. Mr. STEWART, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE THIS TIME?

I GOT US HIJACKED.

TAUSZ? IT IS YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER, LARVATE. I'VE GOT THE STUFF--BUT RIGHT NOW I WANT THIS SHIP OUT OF HERE, IMMEDIATELY!

YES, MA'AM. BEGINNING PRE-FLIGHT SEQUENCE. LOCKS CLOSED, RUNNING LIGHTS ON...

AND INTERNAL GRAVITY--OFF!!

STAND ZERO INVRS MAGN

SNIK!

GRAVITY INVERSION!

YAAAAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

I'VE GOT IT!

OKAY, RUSSEL, YOU CAN TURN IT OFF, NOW!

SNOK!

Mr. LARVATE, I BELIEVE THAT WE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO TURN YOUR *ASSOCIATE* OVER TO THE IMPERIUM AUTHORITIES.

YOU WOULD CERTAINLY BE REMISS IF YOU DID OTHERWISE, CAPTAIN.

ZEEEEP!

BUT LARVATE...!

SHUT UP!

gATOOM

WHAT WAS *THAT*?!

GATOOM!

GATOOM!

IT'S GETTING CLOSER!

GATOOM!

SSKRAACK!!

E2-660-7A REPORTING FOR DUTY.

THANK, YOU, 7A. UNFORTUNATELY, CAPTAIN, I CAN'T LET YOU SUMMON THE AUTHORITIES. NOW HAND OVER THE GUN, *RELEASE* MY ASSOCIATE, OR YOU ALL *DIE*... *NOW!*

YOU HEARD HIM--DO IT. NOW, Mr. LARVATE, WHAT THE HELL *IS* THAT THING?

IT'S CALLED AN *E2 BRUTE*, CAPTAIN, AND IT IS EVEN MORE *DANGEROUS* THAN IT LOOKS.

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW FROM *YOU*, TAUSZ, IS WHY YOU MADE ME *BLOW* MY COVER?

THE *IMPERIAL GUARD* IS ON MY TAIL--WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY SHOW UP!

FRANCES, HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF ANYTHING CALLED AN E2 BRUTE?

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, *WHERE* DID THIS THING *COME* FROM?

C'SER SAVE ME FROM AMATEURS! ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN, PREPARE TO *WARP*.

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT TAKE-OFF? PREPARE TO WARP IMMEDIATELY.

Mr. LARVATE, I HAVEN'T EVEN GOTTEN CLEARANCE FOR *TAKE-OFF* YET, LET ALONE CLEARED ATMOSPHERE...

WARP WHILE *PLANETSIDE*? IN A *GRAVITY WELL*? ARE YOU *INSANE*?!

HARDLY, CAPTAIN-- JUST A BIT MORE KNOWLEDGEABLE THAN YOU--

AND IF YOU WON'T DO IT, I WILL!

WAIT!

STOP!

SSHWEOOOORRR-ping!

MEANWHILE, ELANIAN DARO IS STILL BEING HELD IN THE KAABA, THE KHAN'S GIANT FLOATING FORTRESS.

"THEFT OF THE KHAN'S PROPERTY." I'LL BE HERE UNTIL THE WAR'S OVER. I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THEM I HAD *NOTHING* TO DO WITH IT!

FOLLOW ME, SERGEANT DARO.

SERGEANT ELANIAN DARO-- 406SJT?

YES, BUT I'M *INNOCENT!*

YESSIR, YOU'RE *FREE* TO GO.

WE ENTER YOUR I.D. FOR A PRELIMINARY CHECK AND --*BANG!* DOWN COMES THE *WORD* TO LET YOU GO! MY GUESS IS THAT YOU'VE GOT SOME *FRIENDS* IN HIGH PLACES, SERGEANT.

WHAT?

THAT'S NEWS TO *ME.*

IS THERE ANY NEWS ON THE *OFFWORLDER* WHO WAS TAKEN *HOSTAGE?*

STEWART? WELL, THE AIRCAR WAS TRACKED TO THE CARGOPORT, AND THEN WE LOST THEM.

YOU *LOST* THEM?

I DON'T KNOW THE DETAILS, BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL FIND 'EM. WE *ALWAYS* DO.

TERRIFIC--BUT I SAID I'D LOOK OUT FOR HIM. MAYBE HIS SHIPMATES HAVE HEARD SOMETHING. AT LEAST IT'S A PLACE TO START.

ARISTOPHENOS CARGOPORT, BAY 26.

MOVE ALONG, CITIZEN, THIS IS THE KHAN'S BUSINESS!

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE STAR OF MILWAUKEE? WAS IT *MOVED*?

YOU *KNEW* THE PEOPLE ABOARD THAT SHIP? WE'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO COME WITH US, CITIZEN.

HERE--RUN MY I.D. THOSE HEAD-SET *COMPUTERS* ARE TIED INTO THE MAIN BANKS AT *SECURITY*, AREN'T THEY?

YESSIR, Ah--WE HAVE A CONFIRMATION... Oh! OUR APOLOGIES, *SIR!* WE'RE TOLD TO GIVE YOU ALL POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE, *SIR!*

I SEE. WELL, WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE?

SECURITY FORCES WERE CLOSING IN, HAVING TRACED THE THIEF AND HER HOSTAGE TO THIS OUTWORLD SHIP, WHEN IT APPARENTLY ATTEMPTED TO *WARP* WHILE AT DOCK.

WHAT?! BUT THAT MEANS...

YESSIR, AN OBVIOUS *SUICIDE*.

WRONG! IS THERE A PORT AUTHORITY CRUISER WITH WARP CAPABILITY AVAILABLE?

WHY, YESSIR-- IN BAY ONE, BUT...

THEN LET'S GO! WE CAN STILL *CATCH* THAT THIEF!

"CATCH?" BUT... YES *SIR!*

I'VE CALLED AHEAD, SERGEANT. THE CREW IS READY FOR TAKE-OFF.

EXCELLENT. HAVE THE NAVIGATOR LOCK IN THE SAME COURSE AS THE FLIGHT PLAN REGISTERED BY THE STAR OF MILWAUKEE.

I'M BETTING THAT THE STAR WAS IN SUCH A *HURRY* TO LEAVE THAT THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO PLOT A *NEW* COURSE.

I'VE BEEN ABOARD THE STAR. IT'S LIKE NO OTHER SHIP I'VE EVER SEEN. IF *ANY* SHIP COULD DO IT, *THEY* COULD.

WE HAVE FLIGHT CLEARANCE --PREPARE FOR *TAKE-OFF!*

BUT SIR, THE STAR *WARPED* IN A *GRAVITY WELL!* NO SHIP CAN DO THAT AND *SURVIVE!*

AN ENGINE THAT CAN WARP OUT OF A GRAVITY WELL. WHERE DO YOU THINK IT *CAME* FROM, SERGEANT?

I THINK A *LOT* OF PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE ASKING THAT QUESTION IN THE NEAR FUTURE, OFFICER.

WE ARE CLEAR OF HOMEWORLD'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD--PREPARE TO *WARP!*

VVR RAAA!

SOON...

SERGEANT, WE'VE BEEN SCANNING EVER SINCE WE RE-ENTERED 'STEIN SPACE, BUT...

CONTACT! WE FOUND THEM! IT WORKED!!

I DON'T GET IT. THEY'RE JUST *SITTING* THERE, NOT EVEN *TRYING* TO GET AWAY--BUT THEIR *PROXIMITY DETECTORS* MUST HAVE REGISTERED US BY NOW.

HELP ME GET INTO THIS *A.P.S.**

*A.P.S.--ARMORED POWER SUIT.

YOU SURE YOU CAN RUN ONE OF THOSE, SIR? THEY'RE PRETTY COMPLICATED.

ARE YOU KIDDING? THESE ARE WHAT WE WEAR WHEN WE HAVE TO DO OUR LAUNDRY! NOW MOVE OFF AND GO GET HELP.

Ding!

HATCH 3

WHAT'S THIS? *HEY!* THIS SAYS THAT THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE NUMBER 3 HATCH!!

AND *THIS* INDICATOR SAYS THAT THE *PROXIMITY ALARM* WENT OFF! SO YOU THINK YOU'RE CLEVER, eh?

WELL, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT *MY* SHIP. HOW DID YOU KNOW WE COULD SURVIVE A WARP FROM PLANETSIDE?

MY COMPANY *BUILT* THAT ENGINE OF YOURS, CAPTAIN.

THIS JOB IS FAST BECOMING *MORE TROUBLE* THAN IT'S WORTH. NOW YOU WATCH THESE HILARIATORS CAREFULLY WHILE I GO CHECK THIS OUT.

C'MON, 7A, I MIGHT HAVE SOME EXERCISE FOR YOU.

WELL, THIS IS THE SECTION. NOW WE'VE JUST GOT TO *FIND*...

THAT IS THE *LEAST* OF YOUR PROBLEMS!

Huh?

Mr. STEWART WAS IN *MY* CHARGE. IF HE'S BEEN *HARMED*, THEN BY THE KHAN, YOU'LL *PAY!* I ADVISE YOU TO *SURRENDER* IMMEDIATELY!

032

KILL HIM!

NEXT!

KHAN YOU TOP THIS?